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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Taming of a Shrew

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Taming of a Shrew

[1596]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

The Taming of a Shrew.

[1596]

The only copy known of the earliest (1594) *edition of this play is in private hands: the owner refuses permission to reproduce.*

The edition dated 1596, *from which this facsimile is taken, varies but slightly and insignificantly* (*Amyot-Hazlitt-Hopkinson*) *from the* 1594 *copy. Another edition appeared in* 1607. *The Shakespeare Society's reprint of the earliest impression included a collation of that text with that of the* 1596 *and* 1607 *copies, and a reference to that reprint will show how little the three varied one from the others.*

The "extra" title-page given herein is from the facsimile issued in 1876 *by Mr. Ashbee and which is now as scarce as are copies of the original.*

The present facsimile is described as "exceedingly well done."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A

Pleaſant Conceited

Hiſtorie, called The taming of a Shrew.

As it was ſundry times acted by the *Right honorable the Earle of* Pembrook his ſeruants.

Printed at London by Peter Short and *are to be ſold by Cutbert Burbie, at his* ſhop at the Royall Exchange.

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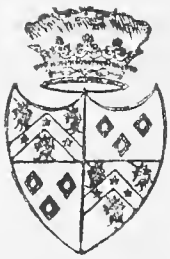

A Pleaſant conceited Hiſtorie, called *The Taming of a Shrew.*

Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapſter.

YOu whorſon droonken ſlaue, you had beſt be gone,
And empty your droonken panch ſome where elſe
For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night.

Exit Tapſter.

Slie. Tilly vally, by criſee Tapſter Ile feſe you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Inſtigation, *Omne bene.*
Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapſter I ſay,
Fils a freſh cuſhen heere,
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

He fals aſleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie ſhaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions driſling lookes,
Leapes from th'antarticke World vnto the skie
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkeſome night oreſhades the chriſtall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night,

Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntſman ſee them meated well,
For they haue all deſeru'd it well to daie.
But ſoft, what ſleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, ſee one what he dooeth lacke?
Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken ſleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke ſo much that he can go no furder.
Lord. Fie, how the ſlauiſh villaine ſtinkes of drinke.
Ho, ſirha ariſe. What ſo ſound a ſleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my houſe,
And beare him eaſilie for feare he wake,
And in my faireſt chamber make a fire,
And ſet a ſumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richeſt garments on his backe,
Then ſet him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone againſt he ſhall awake,
Let heauenly muſicke play about him ſtill,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuiſde,
But ſee in any caſe you wake him not.
Exeunt two with *Slie.*
Now take my cloake and giue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and ſee you take me ſo,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To ſee his countenance when he dooth awake
And find himſelfe clothed in ſuch attire,
With heauenly muſicke ſounding in his eares,
And ſuch a banquet ſet before his eies,
The fellow ſure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will about him when he wakes,
And ſee you call him lord, at euery word;
And offer thou him his horſe to ride abroad,

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I wil aske what ſutes he meanes to weare,
And what ſo ere he ſaith, ſee you doo not laugh,
But ſtill perſwade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Meſ. And it pleaſe your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleaſure here.

Lord. The fitteſt time they could haue choſen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither ſtraight,
Now will I fit my ſelfe accordinglie,
For they ſhall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now ſirs, what ſtore of plaies haue you?

San. Marry my lord you may haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou ſhouldſt ſay, ſouns thout ſhame vs all.

Lord. And, whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a Shrew.
Tis a good leſſon for vs my lord, for vs ẏ are maried men

Lord. The taming of a ſhrew, thats excellent ſure,
Go ſee that you make you readie ſtraight,
For you muſt plaie before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees ſomething fooliſh, but what ſo ere he ſaies,
See that you be not daſht out of countenance.
And ſirha go you make you readie ſtraight,
And dreſſe your ſelfe like ſome louelie ladie,
And when I call ſee that you come to me,
For I will ſay to him thou art his wife,
Dally with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he deſire to goe to bed with thee,

Then faine ſome ſcuſe and ſay thou wilt anon.
Be gone I ſay, and ſee thou dooſt it well.
Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him think I loue him mightilie. *Ex.* boy
Lord. Now ſirs go you and make you ready to,
For you muſt play aſſoone as he doth wake.
San. O braue, ſirha Tom, we muſt play before
A fooliſh Lord, come lets go make vs ready,
Go get a diſhclout to make cleane your ſhooes,
And Ile ſpeake for the properties, My Lord, we muſt
Haue a ſhoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.
Lord. Very well: ſirha ſee that they want nothing.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with *Slie* aſleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, & the muſick plaieng.

One. So: ſirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou ſome wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord preſently. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then ſound the muſick, and Ile wake him ſtraight,
And ſee you doo as earſt I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he ſleepes ſoundly: My lord.
Slie. Tapſter, gis a little ſmall ale, Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my Lord, the pureſt of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord For your honour my Lord,

Slie

Slie. Who I,am I a Lord? Ieſus what fine apparell
haue I got.
Lord. More richer far your honour hath to weare,
And if it pleaſe you I will fetch them ſtraight.
Wil. And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
Then winged *Pegaſus* in all his pride,
That ran ſo ſwiftlie ouer *Perſian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
Your hounds ſtands readie cuppeld at the doore,
Who in running will ouretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the maſſe I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?
Lord. *Simon* and if it pleaſe your honour.
Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to ſay *Simion* or *Simon*
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Giue me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?
Lord. I my gratious Lord, and your louely ladie
Long time hath mourned for your abſence heere,
And now with ioy behold where ſhe dooth còme
To gratulate your honours ſafe returne.
Enter the boy in Womans attire.
Slie. *Sim.* Is this ſhe?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Maſſe tis a prettie wench, whats her name?
Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchſafe
To looke on me, and leaue theſe frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe ſo eloquent,
To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.
Slie. Harke you miſtreſſe, will you eat a peece of
bread,

Come

Come ſit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For ſhe and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it pleaſe you your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my Lord.

Slie. When will they plaie *Sim*?

Lord. Euen when ipleaſe your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My Lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you my lord, I will not leaue you thus.
Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* ſtand by
Me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile call them my lord. Ho where are you there?
Sound Trumpets.

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man
and a boy.

Pol Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* ſchooles and *Ariſtotles* walks,
Welcome from *Ceſtus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the *Heleſpont* weepes briniſh teares,
The greateſt griefe is I cannot as I would
Giue entertainment to my deereſt friend.

Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my ſecond ſelfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Ceſtus* thriſe renowmed ſeate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

Which

which ſince I haue ſo happily attaind,
My fortune now I do account as great
As earſt did *Cæſar* when he conquered moſt.
But tel me noble friend where ſhal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Poli. My Lord, if you vouchſafe of ſchollers fare,
My houſe, my ſelfe, and al is yours to vſe,
You and your men ſhal ſtaie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With al my heart, I wil requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonſus*, and his three daughters.

But ſtaie; what dames are theſe ſo bright of hew
Whoſe eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious ſtone,
More louely far then is the morning ſunne,
When firſt ſhe opes hir oriental gates?

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to the church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key
To ſee what marchandiſe is come a ſhore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To ſee theſe damſels paſſe away ſo ſoone?

Aurel. Truſt me my friend I muſt confeſſe to thee,
I tooke ſo much delight in theſe faire dames,
As I do wiſh they had not gone ſo ſoone,
But if thou canſt, reſolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I do long to ſee them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor, good my Lorde,
For they are both louely, wiſe, faire and yong,
And one of them the yongeſt of the three
I long haue lou'd (ſweet friend) and ſhe lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compaſſe our deſired ioies.

Aurel. Why is not her father willing to the match
Pol. Yes truſt me, but he hath ſolemnly ſworne,
His eldeſt daughter firſt ſhal be eſpowſde,
Before he grants his yongeſt leaue to loue:
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Muſt firſt prouide for her if he wil ſpeed,
And he that hath her ſhal be fretted ſo,
As good be wedded to the diuell himſelfe,
For ſuch a skould as ſhe did neuer liue,
And till that ſhe be ſped none elſe can ſpeede.
Which makes me thinke that al my labors loſt.
And who ſoere can get hir firme good wil,
A large dowrie he ſhal be ſure to haue,
For hir father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Citizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.
Aurel. But he ſhal keepe hir ſtil by my aduiſe,
And yet I needs muſt loue his ſecond daughter
The image of honor and nobility,
In whoſe ſweet perſon is compriſde the ſumme
Of natures skill and heauenly maieſty.
Pol. I like your choiſe, and glad you choſe not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We muſt deuiſe a meanes to find ſome one
That wil attempt to wed this deuiliſh skould,
And I do know the man. Come hither boy
Go your waies ſirha, to *Ferandoes* houſe,
Deſire him to take the paines to come to me,
For I muſt ſpeake with him immediatly.
Boy. I wil ſir, and fetch him preſently.
Pol. A man I thinke wil fit hir humor right,
As blunt in ſpeech as ſhe is ſharpe in tongue,
And he I thinke wil match hir euery way,
And yet he is a man of wealth ſufficient,

And for his perſon worth as good as ſhe,
And if he compaſſe hir to be his wife,
Then may we freely viſit both our loues.
Aurel. O might I ſee the center of my ſoule
Whoſe ſacred beauty hath inchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
For whoſe ſweet ſake ſo many princes dide,
That came with thouſand ſhips to *Tenedos.*
But when we come vnto hir fathers houſe,
Tel him I am a Marchants ſonne of *Ceſtus*,
That comes for trafficke vnto *Athens* here,
And here ſirha, I wil change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Ceſtus* ſonne,
Reuel and ſpend as if thou wert my ſelfe,
For I will court my loue in this diſguiſe.
Val. My Lord, how if the Duke your father ſhould
By ſome meanes come to *Athens* for to ſee
How you do profit in theſe publike ſchooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?
Aurel. Tuſh feare not *Valeria*, let me alone,
But ſtay, here comes ſome other company.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Sanders*
with a blew coate.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.
Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to al at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man ſtil in loue?
Euer wooing and canſt thou neuer ſpeed?
God ſend me better lucke when I ſhal woo.
San. I warrant you maſter and you take my councel.
Feran. Why ſirha, are you ſo cunning?
San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tel how to do it as wel as I.

Pol. I would thy maiſter once were in the vaine,
To trie himſelfe how he could woo a wench.
Feran. Faith I am euen now a going.
San. I faith ſir, my maſters going to this geere now.
Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tel me true?
Feran. To bonie *Kate*, the patientſt wench aliue
The Diuel himſelf dares ſcarce venter to woo her,
Seignior *Alfonſos* eldeſt daughter,
And he hath promiſde me ſixe thouſand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And ſhe and I muſt woo with skoulding ſure,
And I will hold her toot til ſhe be wearie,
Or elſe ile make her yeeld to grant me loue.
Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our minds before we ſent to him,
But tell me, when do you meane to ſpeake with her?
Feran. Faith preſently, do you but ſtand aſide,
And I will make hir father bring hir hither:
And ſhe, and I, and he, wil talke alone.
Pol. With al our hearts, come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him here alone. *Exit.*
Feran. Ho Seignior *Alfonſo*, whoſe within there?
Alfon. Seignior *Ferando* your welcome hartily,
You are a ſtranger ſir vnto my houſe.
Harke you ſir, looke what I did promiſe you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Do you ſtep in and giue her hand to me,
And tell hir when the mariage day ſhal be,
For I do know ſhe would be maried faine,
And when our nuptial rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir wel inough,
Now cal her forth that I may ſpeake with hir.
Enter *Kate.*

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench and liſt to me,
Vſe this gentleman friendly as thou canſt.
Feran. Twenty good morrowes to my louely *Kate.*
Kate. You ieſt I am ſure, is ſhe yours already?
Feran. I tel thee *Kate* I know thou louſt me wel.
Kate. The diuel you do, who told you ſo?
Feran. My mind ſweet *Kate* doth ſay I am the man,
Muſt wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer ſeene ſo groſſe an aſſe as this?
Feran. I, to ſtand ſo long and neuer get a kiſſe.
Kate. Hands off I ſay, and get you from this place;
Or I will ſet my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe do *Kate*; they ſay thou art a ſhrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would haue thee ſo.
Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith ſir no, the woodcocke wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil ſerue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now *Ferando*, what ſaies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing ſir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue choſen for thy loue,
And thou to morrow ſhalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this braniſick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turnes aſide and ſpeaks.
But yet I will conſent and marry him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or elſe his manhoods good.
Alfon. Giue me thy hand, *Ferando* loues thee well,
And vvil vvith vvealth and eaſe maintaine thy ſtate.
Here *Ferando* take her for thy vvife.

And ſunday next ſhal be our wedding day.

Feran. Why ſo did I not tel thee I ſhould be the man?
Father, I leaue my louely *Kate* with you,
Prouide your ſelues againſt our mariage day,
For I muſt hie me to my countrey houſe
In haſt to ſee prouiſion may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when ſhe doth come.

Alſon. Do ſo, come *Kate*, why doſt thou looke
So ſad, be merry wench, thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you wel, and ſee you keepe your promiſe.

Exit Alfonſo and *Kate.*

Feran. So, al thus far goes wel. Ho *Sander.*

Enter *Sander* laughing

San. *Sander*, I faith you are a beaſt, I crie God hartilie
Mercy, my harts ready to run out of my belly with
Laughing, I ſtood behind the doore al this while,
And heard what you ſaid to hir. (wel to hir?

Feran. Why didſt thou thinke that I did not ſpeake

San. You ſpoke like an aſſe to hir, ile tel you what,
And I had bin theere to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before ſhe
Had gone a foot furder, and you talke of Woodcocks
With hir, and I cannot tel you what. (for al this.

Feran. Wel ſirha, and yet thou ſeeſt I haue got her

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope ſheele make you one of the head men of the
pariſh ſhortly.

Feran. Wel ſirha, leaue your ieſting and go to *Polidors*
The yong gentleman that was here with me, (houſe,
And tel him the circumſtance of al thou knowſt,
Tel him on ſunday next we muſt be maried,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrey to my houſe,
And vpon Sunday ile be here againe. *Ex. Ferando,*
San.

San. I warrant you maſter feare not me
For doing of my buſineſſe.
Now hang him that has not a liuery cote
To ſlaſh it out and ſwaſh it out amongſt the proudeſt
On them. Why looke you now, ile ſcarce put vp
Plaine *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and any
Body haue any thing to do with my maſter, ſtraight
They come crouching vpon me, I beſeech you good M.
Sander ſpeake a good word for me, and then am I ſo
Stout and takes it vpon me, and ſtands vpon my pantofles
To them out of al crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maſter hath ſuch a peſtilent mind
To a woman now of late, and I haue a prety wench
To my ſiſter, and I had thought to haue preferred my
Maſter to hir, and that would haue bin a good
Deale in my way, but that hees ſped already.

Enter *Polidors* boy.

Boy. Friend, wel met.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he ſeees
Not my maſters liuery coate,
Plaine friend hop of my thum, know you who we are.

Boy. Truſt me ſir it is the vſe where I was borne,
To ſalute men after this maner, yet notwithſtanding
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more ſorry for it, hoping the ſtile
Of a foole wil make you amends for al.

San. The ſlaue is ſorrie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angry, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry ſir, I heare you pertaine to ſeignior
Ferando.

San. I and thou beeſt not blind thou maiſt ſee,
Ecce ſignum, here.

Boy. Shal I intreat you to do me a meſſage to your
Maſter.

San. I, it may be, & you tel vs from whence you com.
Boy. Marrie ſir I ſerue yong *Polidor* your maiſters friend.
San. Do you ſerue him, and whats your name?
Boy. My name ſir ha, I tel thee ſirha is cald Catapie.
San. Cake and pie, O my teeth vvaters to haue a peece of thee.
Boy. Why ſlaue, vvouldſt thou eate me?
San. Eate thee, who vvould not eate Cake and pie?
Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie,
But vvilt thou tel me vvhere thy maiſter is,
San. Nay thou muſt firſt tel me where thy maiſter is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tel thee.
Boy. Why ſee where he comes.
Enter *Polidor*, *Aurelius*, and *Valeria*.
Pol. Come ſweet *Aurelius* my faithful friend,
Now will we go to ſee thoſe louely dames
Richer in beauty then the orient pearle,
Whiter then is the Alpine Chriſtal mould,
And far more louely then the terean plant,
That bluſhing in the aire turnes to a ſtone,
What *Saunder*, vvhat newes vvith you?
San. Marry ſir my maiſter ſends you vvord
That you muſt come to his vvedding to morrovv.
Pol. What ſhal he be maried then?
San. Faith I, you thinke he ſtandes as long about it as you do,
Pol. Whither is thy maiſter gone novv?
San. Marry he's goue to our houſe in the Countrey,
To make al things in a readineſſe againſt my new
Miſtres comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.
Pol. This is ſuddainly diſpatcht belike,
Wel, ſirrha boy, take *Saunder* in with you

And

And haue him to the buttrey preſentlie.

Boy. I will ſir: come *Saunder.*

Exit Sander and the *Boy.*

Aurel. Valeria as erſte we did deuiſe,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonſos* houſe,
And ſay that *Polidor* ſent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he ſpoke to me,
To helpe him to ſome cunning Muſition,
To teach his eldeſt daughter on the lute,
And thou I know wil fit his turne ſo well
As thou ſhalt get great fauour at his hands,
Begon *Valeria* and ſay I ſent thee to him.

Valer. I wil ſir and ſtay your comming at *Alfonſos* houſe.

Exit Valeria.

Pol. Now ſweet *Aurelius* by this deuiſe
Shal we haue leiſure for to court our loues,
For whilſt that ſhe is learning on the lute,
Hir ſiſters may take time to ſteale abrode,
For otherwiſe ſheele keepe them both within,
And make them worke whilſt ſhe her ſelfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonſos* houſe,
And ſee how *Valeria* and *Kate* agreeſe
I doubt his muſicke ſcarſe will pleaſe his skoller,
But ſtay heere comes *Alfonſo.*

Enter *Alfonſo.*

Alfon. What M. *Polidor*, you are wel met,
I thanke you for the man you ſent to me,
A good Muſition I thinke he is,
I haue ſet my daughter and him togither,
But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Pol. He is, I pray you ſir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthy Marchants ſon of *Ceſtus.*

Alfon. Your welcome ſir, and if my houſe aforde

You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you ſir make bold with me.
Aurel. I thanke you ſir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandiſe or trauel on the ſeas,
Sattins or lawnes or azure coloured ſilke,
Or pretious firie pointed ſtones of Indy,
You ſhal command both them, my ſelfe and al.
Alſon. Thanks gentle ſir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my houſe,
For thou I thinke muſt be my ſecond ſonne,
Ferando, *Polidor* dooſt thou not know
Muſt marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.
Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.
Alſon. Polidor tis true, go let me alone,
For I muſt ſee againſt the bridegroome come,
That al things be according to his mind,
And ſo ile leaue you for an houre or two. *Exit.*
Pol. Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,
And weele go ſit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire. *Exit.*

Then *Slie* ſpeakes.

Slie. Sim, when wil the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis ſome more drinke here, ſouns wheres
The Tapſter, here *Sim* eate ſome of theſe things.
Lord. So I do my Lord.
Slie. Heere *Sim I* drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord, heere comes the plaiers againe.
Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate* with him.

Vale. The ſenceleſſe trees by muſick haue bin mou'd,
And at the ſound of pleaſant tuned ſtrings,

Haue

Haue ſauage beaſts hung down their liſtning heads,
As though they had beene caſt into a trance.
Then it may be that ſhe whom nought can pleaſe,
With muſickes ſound in time may be ſuppriſde,
Come louely miſtreſſe wil you take your lute,
And play the leſſon that I taught you laſt?
Kate. It is no matter whether I do or no,
For truſt me I take no great delight in it.
Val. I would ſweet miſtreſſe that it lay in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
Kate. In you with a peſtlence, are you ſo kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles caſe,
To warme your head, and hide your filthy face.
Val. If that ſweet miſtres were your hearts content,
You ſhould command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my diſgrace.
Kate. Your ſo kinde twere pitty you ſhould be hang'd,
And yet methinks the foole doth looke aſquint.
Val. Why miſtreſſe do you mocke me?
Kate. No, but I meane to moue thee.
Val. Wel, wil you play a little?
Kate. I, giue me the lute.
She plaies.
Val. That ſtop was falſe, play it againe.
Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy aſſe.
Val. What do you bid me kiſſe your arſe?
Kate How now iack ſauſe, your a iolly mate.
Your beſt be ſtil leaſt I croſſe your pate,
And make your muſicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your fooliſh cóxcombe meet.
She offers to ſtrike him with the lute.
Val. Hold miſtreſſe, ſouns wil you breake my lute?
Kate. I on thy head, and if thou ſpeake to me,

There take it vp and fiddle somewhere elſe,
She throwes it down.
And ſee you come no more into this place,
Leaſt that I clap your fiddle on your face. *Ex. Kate.*
Val. Souns, teach her to play vpon the lute?
The Diuel ſhal teach hir firſt, I am glad ſhees gone,
For I was neare ſo fraid in al my life,
But that my lute ſhould flie about mine eares,
My maiſter ſhal teach hir his ſelfe for me,
For ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polidor* ſent me before
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilſt they did court the other gentlewomen,
And here methinks they come togither.

Enter *Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia,* and *Philena.*

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your miſtreſſe?
Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where elſe.
Aurel. Why *Valeria*, wil ſhe not learne apace?
Val. Yes berlady ſhe has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not ſpoke hir faire,
But ſhe ſhall neare be learnt for me againe.
Aurel. Well *Valeria*, go to my chamber,
And beare him company that came to daie
From *Ceſtus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*
Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louely loue,
Brighter then the burniſht pallace of the ſunne,
The eie-ſight of the glorious firmament,
In whoſe bright lookes ſparkles the radiant fire
Wilie *Promethus* ſtilie ſtole from *Ioue*,
Infuſing breath, life, motion, ſoule,
To euery obiect ſtriken by thine eies.
Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either muſt enioy thy loue, or die.

Emelia

Eme. Fie man, I know you wil not die for loue,
Ah *Polidor* thou needſte not to complaine,
Eternal heauen ſooner be diſſolude,
And al that pearſeth Phebus ſiluer eie,
Before ſuch hap befal to *Polidor*.
Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for theſe ſweet words,
But what ſaith *Philena* to hir friend?
Phyle. Why I am buying marchandiſe of him.
Aurel. Miſtreſſe you ſhal not need to buie of me,
For when I croſt the bubling Canibey,
And ſailde along the Chriſtal Heliſpont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cauſe millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To ſeeke for ſtrange and new found pretious ſtones,
And diue into the ſea to gather pearle,
As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* ſonne,
And you ſhall take your liberal choiſe of al.
Phyle. I thanke you ſir, and would *Phylena* might
In any curteſie requite you ſo,
As ſhe with willing heart could wel beſtow.

Enter *Alfonſo*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?
Eme. Not yet father, *I* wonder he ſtaies ſo long.
Alfon. And wheres your ſiſter that ſhe is not here?
Phyle. She is making of hir ready father
To go to church and if that he were come.
Pol. *I* warrant you heele not be long away.
Alfon. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Siſter prouide her ſelfe againſt that we do come,
And ſee you go to church along with vs.
Exit Phylena and *Emelia*.
I maruel that *Ferando* comes not away.

Pol. His Taylor it may be hath bin too ſlacke
In his apparel which he meanes to weare,
For no queſtion but ſome fantaſticke ſutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious ſtones,
Spotted with liquid gold, thicke ſet with pearle,
And ſuch he meanes ſhal be his wedding ſutes.
Alfon. I carde not *I* what coſt he did beſtow,
In gold or ſilke, ſo he himſelfe were here,
For I had rather loſe a thouſand crowns,
Then that he ſhould deceiue vs heere to day,
But ſoft I thinke I ſee him come.

Enter *Ferando* baſely attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. God morrow father, *Polidor* wel met,
You wonder I know that I haue ſtaid ſo long.
Alfon. I marry ſon we were almoſt perſwaded
That we ſhould ſcarſe haue had our bridegroome here,
But ſay, why art thou thus baſely attired?
Feran. Thus richly father you ſhould haue ſaid,
For when my wife and I am maried once,
Shees ſuch a ſhrew, if we ſhould once fal out,
Sheele pul my coſtly ſutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired a while,
For many things I tel you's in my head,
And none muſt know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we ſhal liue like lambs and Lions ſure,
Nor lambs to Lions neuer was ſo tame,
If once they lie within the Lyons pawes,
As *Kate* to me if we were maryed once,
And therefore come let vs to church preſently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando*, not thus attired for ſhame,
Come to my chamber and there ſute thy ſelfe

Of twenty ſutes that *I* did neuer were.
Feran. Tuſh *Polidor* I haue as many ſutes
Fantaſticke made to fit my humor ſo,
As any in Athens, and as richly wrought
As was the Maſsie Robe that late adornd
The ſtately legate of the Perſian King,
And this from them haue *I* made choiſe to weare.
Alſon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goſte vnto the church with vs,
To put ſome other ſute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if *I* might gaine it ſo,
And therefore take me thus or not at al.

Enter *Kate.*

But ſoft ſee where my *Kate* doth come,
I muſt ſalute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou ready? ſhal we go to church?
Kate. Not I with one ſo mad, ſo baſely tirde,
To marry ſuch a filthy ſlauiſh groome,
That as it ſeemes ſometimes is from his wits,
Or elſe he would not thus haue come to vs.
Feran. Tuſh *Kate* theſe words addes greater loue in me,
And makes me thinke thee fairer then before,
Sweete *Kate* thou louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the ſnowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father *I* ſweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiante is my bony Kate,
Then ſiluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou ſweet *Kate* how *I* be clad,
Thou ſhalt haue garments wrought of Median ſilke,
Enchaſt with pretious iewels fetcht from far,
By *I*talian marchants that vvith Ruſsian ſtemes,
Ploughs vp huge furrowes in the *Terren Maine*,

And

And better far my louely *Kate* ſhal weare,
Then come ſweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I ſweare ſhal be my wedding ſute,
Exeunt omnes

Alſon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus do what we can he wil be wed. *Exit.*

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander.*

Boy. Come hither ſirha boy.

San. Boy; oh diſgrace to my perſon, ſouns boy
Of your face, you haue many boyes with ſuch
Pickadeuaunts I am ſure, ſouns would you
Not haue a bloudy noſe for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but ieſt, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe?

San. The pie? I you haue more mind of your belly
Then to go ſee what your maiſter dooes.

Boy. Tuſh tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am very hungry *I* promiſe thee.

San. Why you may take it and the diuell burſt
You with it, one cannot ſaue a bit after ſupper,
But you are alwaies ready to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we ſhal haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouſe, for your maſters gone to
Church to be maried already, and thears
Such cheere as paſſeth.

San. O braue, *I* would I had eate no meate this weeke,
For I haue neuer a corner left in my belly
To put a venſon paſtie in, I thinke I ſhal burſt my ſelfe
With eating, for ile ſo cram me down the tarts
And the marchpaines out of al crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou do now thy maiſters
Maried, thy miſtres is ſuch a diuel, as ſheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, ſheele beat thee ſo,

San.

San. Let my maſter alone with her for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warrant thee,
For he's ſuch a churle waxen now of late, that and he be
Neuer ſo little angry he thums me out of al cry,
But in my mind ſirha the yongeſt is a very
Pretty wench, and if I thought thy maſter would
Not haue hir, Ide haue a fling at hir
My ſelfe, ile ſee ſoone whether twil be a match
Or no: and it wil not ile ſet the matter
Hard for my ſelfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Souns you ſlaue wil you be a Riuall with
My maſter in his loue, ſpeake but ſuch
Another word and ile cut off one of thy legs.

San. Oh, cruel iudgement, nay then ſirha,
My tongue ſhal talke no more to you, marry my
Timber ſhal tel the truſty meſſage of his maiſter
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abuſious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy ſelfe.

Boy. Come hither thou imperfectious ſlaue in
Regard of thy beggery, hold thee thers
Two ſhillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left leg which I meane
Furiouſly to inuade or to maime at the leaſt.

San. O ſupernodical foole! wel ile take your
Two ſhillings, but ile bar ſtriking at legs.

Boy. Not I, for ile ſtrike any where.

San. Here take your two ſhillings againe,
Ile ſee thee hangd ere ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken ſhin the other day,
Tis not whole yet, and therefore ile not fight.
Come come, why ſhould we fal out?

Boy. Wel ſirha your faire words hath ſomthing
Alaied my Choller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be friends with thee,

But ſoft, ſee where they come all from church,
Belike they be married already.

Enter *Ferando and Kate, and Alfonſo, and Polidor, and Emelia, and Aurelius, and Phylema.*

Feran. Father farewel, my *Kate* and I muſt hom,
Sirha, go make ready my horſe preſently.

Alfon. Your horſe! what ſon I hope you do but ieſt,
I am ſure you wil not go ſo ſuddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am reſolu'd to ſtay,
And not to trauel on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tel thee we muſt needs go home,
Villaine haſt thou ſadled my horſe?

San. Which horſe, your own?

Feran. Souns you ſlaue ſtand you prating here?
Saddel the bay gelding for your miſtris.

Kate Not for me: for ile not go.

San. The Oſtler will not let me haue him, you owe ten pence
For his meate, and 6. pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him ſtraight.

San. Shal I giue them another pecke of lauender?

Feran. Out ſlaue and bring them preſently to the dore.

Alfon. Why ſon, I hope at leaſt youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maiſter lets ſtay til dinner be don.

Feran. Souns villaine are thou here yet? *Exit Sander*
Come *Kate*, our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
Ile haue my wil in this as wel as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Deſpite of you ile tarry with them ſtil.

Feran. I *Kate* ſo thou ſhalt but at ſome other time,
When as thy ſiſters here ſhal be eſpouſd,
Then thou and I wil keep our wedding day,
In better ſort then now we can prouide,

For

For here I promiſe thee before them all,
We wil ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* ſtand not on termes, we wil away,
This is my day, to morrow thou ſhalt rule,
And I wil do what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwel, weel take our leaues,
It wil be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwel *Ferando* ſince you wil be gone.

Alfon. So mad a couple did I neuer ſee.

Emel. They're euen as well matcht as I would wiſh.

Phyle. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame hir:
For when he has don ſhe wil do what ſhe liſt.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleeue.

Pol. *Aurelius* or elſe I miſſe my marke,
Her toung wil walke if ſhe doth hold her hands,
I am in doubt ere halfe a month be paſt
Heele curſe the prieſt that maried him ſo ſoone,
And yet it may be ſhe wil be reclaimde,
For ſhe is very patient growne of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue ſtil,
I would be loth that they ſhould diſagree,
But he I hope wil hold hir in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I wil ride to him,
And ſee how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what ſay you to this,
What haue you ſent to *Ceſtus* as you ſaid,
To certifie your father of your loue,
For I would gladly he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tel to me,
I geſſe he is a marchant of great wealth:
And I haue ſeene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his ſake aſſure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And ſo to me whileſt *Polidor* doth liue.

Aurel. I find it ſo right worthy gentlemen,
And of vvhat worth your friendſhip I eſteeme,
I leue cenſure of your ſeueral thoughts,
But for requital of your fauors paſt,
Reſts yet behind, which when occaſion ſerues
I vow ſhal be remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at moſt.

Alſon. Inough *Aurelius*: but we forget
Our marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs ſee what there they left behind. *Exit omnes*

Enter *Sanders* with two or three ſeruing men.

San. Come ſirs, prouide al things as faſt as you can,
For my maſters hard at hand and my new miſtris
And al, and he ſent me before to ſee al things ready.

Tom. Welcome home *Sander*, ſirha, how lookes our
New miſtris, they ſay ſhe's a plagy ſhrew.

San. I and that thou ſhalt find I can tel thee and thou
Doſt not pleaſe her wel, why my maſter
Has ſuch a do with hir as it paſſeth and he's euen
like a madman.

Wil. Why *Sander* vvhat does he ſay.

San. Why ile tel you what: when they ſhould
Go to church to be married, he puts on an old
Ierkin and a paire of canuas breeches down to the
Smal of his leg and a red cap on his head, and he
Lookes as thou vvilt burſt thy ſelfe with laughing
When thou ſeeſt him: he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then vvhen they ſhould go to dinner
He made me ſaddle the horſe and away he came,
And nere tarried for dinner and therefore you had beſt
Get ſupper ready againſt they come, for

They

They be hard at hand I am ſure by this time.

Tom. Sounes ſee where they be already.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*. wheres theſe villaines
Here, what? not ſupper yet vpon the bord:
Nor table ſpred, not nothing don at al,
Wheres that villaine that I ſent before.

San. Now, *adſum*, ſir.

Feran. Come hither you villaine ile cut your noſe,
You Rogue: helpe me off with my bootes: wilt pleaſe
you to lay the cloth? ſouns the villaine
Hurts my foote? pul eaſily I ſay; yet againe.

He beates them al.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meat.

Souns? burnt and skorcht, who dreſt this meat?

Wil. Forſouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meat
and al, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bring you me ſuch meat,
Out of my ſight I ſay and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* weele haue other meat prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber ſir?

San. I forſooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*

Manent ſeruing men and eate vp al the meat.

Tom. Sounes, I thinke of my conſcience my maſters
Mad ſince he was maried.

Wil. I laſt what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling off his bootes.

Enter *Ferando* againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you ſo you damned villaine.

He beates them al out againe.

This humor muſt I hold me to a while,

To bridle and hold backe my headſtrong wife,
With curbes of hunger, eaſe, and want of ſleepe,
Nor ſleepe, nor meat ſhal ſhe inioy to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make hir gently come vnto the lure,
Were ſhe as ſtubborne or as ful of ſtrength
As were the *Thracian* horſe *Alcidas* tamde,
That king *Egeus* fed with fleſh of men,
Yet would I pul her downe and make hir come
As hungry hawkes do fly vnto their lure. *Exit*

Enter *Aurelius and Valeria.*

Aurel. Valeria attend: I haue a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen criſtalline,
As faire as is the milke white way of Ioue,
As chaſt as *Phœbe* in hir ſummer ſports,
As ſoft and tender as the aſure downe,
That circles *Cithereas* ſiluer doues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the ſweet content,
That *I* thou knowſt long time haue aimed at.
Now *Valeria* it reſts in thee to helpe
To compaſſe this, that *I* might gaine my loue,
Which eaſily thou maiſt performe at wil,
If that the marchant which thou toldſt me of,
Wil as he ſaid go to *Alfonſos* houſe,
And ſay he is my father, and there withal
Pas ouer certaine deeds of land to me,
That *I* thereby may gaine my harts deſire,
And he is promiſed reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord ile fetch him ſtraight to you,
For heele do any thing that you command,
But tel me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* ſhortly ſhal be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Valeria

Vale. He ſaies ſo.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming ſchoole.

Val. The taming ſchoole: why is there ſuch a place?

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the maſter of the ſchoole.

Val. Thats rare: but what *decorum* dos he vſe?

Aurel. Faith I know not: but by ſome odde deuiſe,
Or other, but come *Valeria* Hong to ſee the man,
By whom we muſt compriſe our plotted drift,
That I may tel him what we haue to do.

Val. Then come my Lord and I wil bring you to him ſtraight.

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go. *Exeunt*

Enter *Sander and his miſtris.*

San. Come miſtris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to ſome meat,
I am ſo faint that I can ſcarſely ſtand.

San. I marry miſtris, but you know my maſter
Has giuen me a charge that you muſt eat nothing,
But that which he himſelfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy maſter needs neuer know it.

San. You ſay true indeed: why looke you miſtris,
What ſay you to a peece of beeffe and muſtard now?

Kate. Why I ſay tis excellent meat, canſt thou
Helpe me to ſome?

San. I, *I* could helpe you to ſome, but that
I doubt the muſtard is too chollerick for you.
But what ſay you to a ſheepes head and garlicke?

Kate. Why any thing, *I* care not what it be.

San. *I* but the garlicke *I* doubt wil make your breath
Stincke, and then my maſter wil courſe me for letting
You eate it. But what ſay you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meat for a king ſweet *Sander*, helpe
Me to ſome of it.

San. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we muſt

Not

Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine doſt thou mocke me,
Take that for thy ſawſineſſe.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you ſo light fingred with a murrin,
Ile keepe you faſting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tel thee villaine ile teare the fleſh of
Thy face and eate it, and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my maſter now, heele courſe you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vpon his daggers point and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. See here *Kate* I haue prouided meat for thee,
Here take it: what iſt not worthy thanks?
Go ſirha, take it away againe, you ſhalbe
Thankeful for the next you haue.

Kate Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin, go ſirha and take
It hence I ſay.

San. Yes ſir ile carrie it hence: Maſter let him
Haue none, for ſhe can fight as hungry as ſhe is.

Pol. I pray you ſir let it ſtand, for ile eate
Some with her my ſelfe.

Feran. Wel ſirha ſet it down againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your own diet for ile none,
Ile neare be beholding to you for your meat,
I tel thee flatly here vnto thy teeth
Thou ſhalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou liſt,
For I wil home againe vnto my fathers houſe.

Feran. I; when you'r meeke and gentel but not
Before, I know your ſtomacke is not yet come down,
Therefore no maruel thou canſt not eat,
And I wil go vnto your Fathers houſe,
Come *Polidor* let vs go in againe,

And

And *Kate* come in with vs *I* know ere long,
That thou and I ſhall louingly agree. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter *Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus*
the Marchant.

Aurel. Now Seignior *Phylotus*, we wil go
Vnto *Alfonſos* houſe, and be ſure you ſay
As I did tel you, concerning the man
That dwels in *Ceſtus*, whoſe ſon I ſaid I was,
For you do very much reſemble him,
And feare not: you may be bold to ſpeake your mind.
Phylo. I warrant you ſir take you no care,
Ile vſe my ſelfe ſo cunning in the cauſe,
As you ſhall ſoone inioy your harts delight.
Aurel. Thanks ſweet *Phylotus*, then ſtay you here,
And I wil go and fetch him hither ſtraight.
Ho, Seignior *Alfonſo*: a word with you.

Enter *Alfonſo* (matter
Alfon. Whoſe there? what *Aurelius* whats the
That you ſtand ſo like a ſtranger at the doore?
Aurel. My father ſir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to ſpeake with you,
Concerning thoſe matters that I told you off,
And he can certifie you of the truth.
Alfon. Is this your father? you are welcome ſir.
Phylo. Thankes *Alfonſo*, for thats your name I geſſe,
I vnderſtand my ſon hath ſet his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for becauſe he is my only ſon,
And I would gladly that he ſhould do well,
I tel you ſir, *I* not miſlike his choiſe,
If you agree to giue him your conſent,
He ſhal haue liuing to maintaine his ſtate,

Three hundred pounds a yeare, I wil aſſure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ſoyne,
And knit themſelues in holy wedlocke band,
A thouſand maſſie ingots of pure gold,
And twiſe as many bars of ſiluer plate,
I freely giue him and in writing ſtraight
I wil confirme what I haue ſaid in words.

Alfon. Truſt me I muſt commend your liberal mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your ſon,
And here I giue him freely my conſent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I wil inlarge her dowry for your ſake:
And ſolemniſe with ioy your nuptial rites,
But is this gentleman of *Ceſtus* too?

Aurel. He is the *Duke* of *Ceſtus* thriſe renowmed ſon,
Who for the loue his honor beares to me:
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You were to blame you tolde me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honor had bin here in place with me,
I would haue don my duty to your honor.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonſo*: but I did come to ſee
When as theſe marriage rites ſhould be performed,
And if in theſe nuptials you vouchſafe,
To honor thus the prince of *Ceſtus* friend,
In celebration of his ſpouſal rites,
He ſhal remaine a laſting friend to you,
What ſaies *Aurelius* father.

Phylo. I humbly thanke your honor, good my Lord,
And ere we part before your honor here:
Shal articles of ſuch content be drawne,
As twixt our houſes and poſterities,
Eternally this league of peace ſhal laſt,
Inuiolate and pure on either part.

Alfonſo

Alfon. With al my heart, and if your honor pleaſe,
To walke along with vs vnto my houſe,
We wil confirme theſe leagues of laſting loue.
Val. Come then *Aurelius* I wil go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Maſter the Haberdaſher has brought my
Miſtris home hir cap here.
Feran. Come hither ſirha: what haue you there?
Haber. A veluet cap ſir and it pleaſe you.
Feran. Who ſpoke for it? didſt thou *Kate*?
Kate. What if I did, come hither ſirha, giue me
The cap, ile ſee if it wil fit me.

She ſets it on her head.

Feran. O monſtrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me ſee it *Kate*: here ſirha take it hence,
This cap is out of faſhion quite.
Kate. The faſhion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To haue thee put on ſuch a curtald cap,
Sirha be gone with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my miſtris gowne.
Feran. Let me ſee it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iags?
Sounes you villaine, thou haſt ſpoiled the gowne. (tion,
Taylor. Why ſir I made it as your man gaue me direc-
You may read the note here.
Feran. Come hither ſirha: *Taylor* read the note.
Taylor. Item a faire round compaſt cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truncke ſleeue.

San. Thats a lie maſter, I ſaid two truncke ſleeues.
Feran. Wel ſir go forward.
Tailor. Item a looſe bodied gowne.
San. Maiſter if euer I ſaid looſe bodies gowne,
Sew me in a ſeame, and beate me to death
With a bottome of browne thred.
Tailor. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I ſay the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou ſaiſt it.
Tailor. Nay, nay, nere be ſo hot ſirha, for I feare you not.
San. Dooſt thou heare *Tailor*, thou haſt brau'd
Many men: braue not me.
Thou'ſt faſte many men.
Tailor. Wel ſir.
San. Face not me, ile neither be faſte nor braued
At thy hands I can tel thee.
Kate. Come come I like the faſhion of it well inough,
Heeres more a do then needs, ile haue it I,
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I ſhal haue nothing by your wil.
Feran. Go I ſay and take it vp for your maſters vſe.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns, take vp my miſtris gowne to his
Maiſters vſe?
Feran. Wel ſir what's your conceit of it?
San. I haue a deeper conceit in it then you:
Thinke for, take vp my miſtris gowne
To his maſters vſe?
Feran. *Tailor* come hither for this time take it
Hence againe, and ile content thee for thy paines.
Tailor. I thanke you ſir. *Exit Tailor*
Feran. Come *Kate* we now wil go ſee thy fathers houſe
Euen in theſe honeſt meane abilliments,
Our purſes ſhalbe rich, our garments plaine,

To

To ſhrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what ſhould we care for more,
Thy ſiſters *Kate* to morrow muſt be wed,
And I haue promiſed them thou ſhouldſt be there
The morning is wel vp lets haſte away,
It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clocke, why tis already paſt two
In the afternoone by al the clocks in the town.
Feran. I ſay tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
Kate. I ſay tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
Feran. It ſhal be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come back againe, we wil not go to day,
Nothing but croſsing of me ſtil,
Ile haue you ſay as *I* do ere you go. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*
Pol. Faire *Emelia* ſommers bright ſun Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where *Phœbus* in his bright æquator ſits,
Creating gold and pretious minnerals,
What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forſt
To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.
Eme. Should thou aſſay to ſcale the ſeat of Ioue,
Mounting the ſuttle ayrie regions
Or be ſnatcht vp as earſt was *Ganimed*,
Loue ſhould giue wings vnto my ſwift deſires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and periſh as did *Icarus*.
Aurel. Sweetly reſolued faire *Emelia*,
But would *Phylema* ſay as much to me,
If *I* ſhould aske a queſtion now of thee,
What if the duke of *Ceſtus* only ſonne,
Which came with me vnto your fathers houſe,
Should ſeeke to get *Phylemas* loue from me,

And

And make thee Dutches of that ſtately town,
Wouldſt thou not then forſake me for his loue?
Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himſelfe,
Wil *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue;
Could he inſtal me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidris of the heauens,
Yet would I not exchange my loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Phylemas* heauen,
And without thee, heauen were hel to me.
Eme. And ſhould my loue as earſt did *Hercules*
Attempt to paſſe the burning vaultes of hel,
I would with piteous lookes and pleaſing words,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauiſhing ſound of his melodious harpe,
Intreat grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightſt go and ſafe returne againe.
Phyle. And ſhould my loue as earſt *Leander* did,
Attempt to ſwim the boyling heliſpont
For *Heros* loue: no towers of braſſe ſhould hold
But I would follow thee through thoſe raging flouds,
With lockes diſheuered and my breſt all bare,
With bended knees vpon *Abidas* ſhoare,
I would with ſmokie ſighes and briniſh teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods,
To ſend a guard of ſiluer ſcaled *Dolphins*,
With ſounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to tranſport vs ſafe vnto the ſhore,
Whilſt I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kiſſe on kiſſe vpon thy cheekes,
And with our paſtime ſtil the ſwelling waues.
Eme. Should *Polidor* as great as *Achilles* did,
Only imploy himſelfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene,
Penthefelea Hectors paramore,

Who

Who foild the bloudy *Pirrhus* murderous Greeke,
Ile thruſt my ſelfe amongſt the thickeſt throngs,
And with my vtmoſt force aſſiſt my loue.
Phyle. Let *Eole* ſtorme: be mild and quiet thou,
Let *Neptune* ſwel, be *Aurelius* calme and pleaſed,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worſt they can,
I recke them not: they not diſcord with me,
Whilſt that my loue and I do wel agree.
Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties minerall,
From whence the ſun exhales his glorious ſhine,
And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,
And now my liefeſt loue, the time drawes nie,
That *Himen* mounted in his ſaffron robe,
Muſt with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
As *Hellens* brothers on the horned moone,
Now *Iuno* to thy number ſhal I adde,
The faireſt bride that euer marchant had.
Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the prieſt is gon,
And at the church your father and the reſt,
Do ſtay to ſee our marriage rites performd,
And knit in ſight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,
That teeth of fretting time may nere vntwiſt,
Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,
This daies content and ſweet ſolemnity. *Exeunt omnes*
Slie. *Sim*, muſt they be marreid now?
Lord. I my Lord,

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come againe now.
Feran. Sirha, go fetch our horſes forth, and bring
Them to the backe gate preſently.
San. I wil ſir I warrant you. *Ex. Sander*
Feran. Come *Kate* the moone ſhines cleere to night methinkes, *Kate,*

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiud,
It is the ſun.

Feran. Yet againe, come backe againe, it ſhal be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why ile ſay as you ſay, it is the moone.

Feran. Ieſus ſaue the glorious moone.

Kate. Ieſus ſaue the glorious moone.

Faran. I am glad *Kate* your ſtomacke is come downe,
I know it wel thou knoweſt it is the ſun,
Bnt I did trie to ſee if thou wouldſt ſpeake,
And croſſe me now as thou haſt done before,
And truſt me *Kate* hadſt thou not namde the moone,
We had gone backe againe as ſure as death.
But ſoft, whoſe this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke* of *Ceſtus* alone

Duke. Thus al alone from *Ceſtus* am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this diſguiſe,
To ſee what courſe my ſon *Aurelius* takes,
But ſtay, heres ſome it may be trauels thether,
Good ſir can you direct me the way to *Athens?*

Ferando ſpeakes to the old man.

Faire louely maide yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautiful,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amitheſts* or glittering *Hiaſinthe*,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glittiring *Cepherus* in ſiluer boures,
Gaſeth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he cals me a woman.

Kate

Kate. Faire louely lady, bright and Chriſtal line,
Bewteous and ſtately as the eie-traind bird,
As glorious as the morning waſht with dew,
Within whoſe eies ſhe takes her dawning beames,
And golden ſommer ſleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrapt vp thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leaſt that thy bewty make this ſtately towne,
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
With ſweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is ſhe mad to?or is my ſhape transformd
That both of them perſwade me I am a woman,
But they are mad ſure,and therefore ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens haſt to ſeeke my ſon.

Exit Duke.

Feran. Why ſo *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too:why thus muſt we two liue,
One minde,one heart,and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am ſure,that he is gon,
But come ſweet *Kate*,for we wil after him,
And now perſwade him to his ſhape againe.

Ex. Omnes.

Enter *Alfonſo and Phylotus and Valeria,*
Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.

Alfon. Come louely ſonnes your marriage rites
Performed,
Lets hie vs home to ſee what cheere we haue,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Come not to ſee this great ſolemnity.

Pol. No maruel if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I thinke hath troubled ſo his wits,

That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe ſayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.
Phylo. But *Polidor* let my ſon and you take heed,
That *Ferando* ſay not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonſo* more to ſhew my loue,
If vnto *Ceſtus* you do ſend your ſhips,
My ſelfe wil fraught them with *Arabian* ſilkes,
Rich affricke ſpices, *Arras* counter poines,
Muske Caſſia, ſweet ſmelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, currol, Chriſtal, let, and iuory,
To gratulate the fauors of my ſon,
And friendly loue that you haue ſhowne to him.
Vale. And for to honor him and this faire bride.

Enter the *Duke* of *Ceſtus.*

Ile yeerely ſend you from my fathers court,
Cheſts of refind ſugar ſeuerally,
Ten tun of tunis wine, ſucket, ſweet drugs,
To celebrate and ſolemnize this day,
And cuſtome free your marchants ſhal conuerſe:
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for braſſe, ſiluer for lead,
Caſſes of ſilke for packes of wol and cloth,
To bind this friendſhip and confirme this league.
Duke. I am glad ſir that you would be ſo franke,
Are you become the *Duke* of *Ceſtus* ſon,
And reuels with my treaſure in the towne,
Baſe villaine that thus diſhonoreſt me?
Val. Souns it is the *Duke*, what ſhal I do?
Diſhonour thee why, knowſt thou what thou ſaiſt?
Duke. Her's no villaine: he wil not know me now,
But what ſay you? haue you forgot me too?
Phylo. Why ſir, are you acquainted with my ſon?
Duke. With thy ſon? no truſt me if he be thine,

I pray you ſir who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me father: humbly on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me ſpeake.

Duke. Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And ſend them to priſon ſtraight.

Phylotus and *Valeria* runnes away.

Then *Slie* ſpeakes.

Slie. *I* ſay weele haue no ſending to priſon,

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in ieſt.

Slie. I tel thee *Sim* weele haue no ſending,
To priſon thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Chriſto Vari?*
Therefore *I* ſay they ſhall not goe to priſon,

Lord. No more they ſhal not my Lord,
They be runne away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim?* thats wel,
Then gis ſome more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinkes and then fals a ſleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durſt preſume,
To wed thy ſelfe without thy fathers leaue,
I ſweare by faire *Cintheas* burning raies,
By *Merops* head, and by ſeuen mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but known ere thou hadſt wedded her,
Were in thy breſt the worlds immortal ſoule,
This angry ſworde ſhould rip thy hateful cheſt,
And hewd thee ſmaller then the *Libian* ſandes,
Turne hence thy face: oh cruel impious boy,
Alfonſo I did not thinke you would preſume,
To match your daughter with my princely houſe,
And nere make me acquainted with the cauſe.

Alfon. my Lord by heauens I ſweare vnto your grace,
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Ceſtus* noble ſon,

Nor did my daughter I dare ſweare for her.
Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whom I did ſend for guide vnto my ſon,
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muſter bands of helliſh feends,
To racke his heart and teare his impious ſoule.
The ceaſeleſſe turning of celeſtial orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then paſſionate anguiſh of my raging breſt.
Aurel. Then let my death ſweet father end your griefe,
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I ſweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydraes* head,
To make the topleſſe *Alpes* a champion field,
To kil vntamed monſters with my ſword,
To trauel daily in the hotteſt ſun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold,
I would with gladnes vndertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleaſure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.
Phyle. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death diſcharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainſt him.
Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,
To purge your ſtomacke of this Melancholy,
Taint not your princely mind with griefe my Lord,
But pardon and forgiue theſe louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gratious fauor here.
Emel. Great prince of *Ceſſus*, let a womans words,
Intreat a pardon in your Lordly breſt,
Both for your princely ſon, and vs my Lord,
Duke. Aurelius ſtand vp I pardon thee,

I ſee that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune wil be thwarting honor ſtil,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter ſince tis don,
And ſee you princely vſde in *Ceſtus* court.

Phyle. Thankes good my Lord, and I no longer liue,
Then I obey and honor you in al.

Alfon. Let me giue thanks vnto your royal grace,
For this great honor don to me and mine,
And if your grace wil walke vnto my houſe,
I wil in humbleſt maner I can, ſhow
The eternal ſeruice I do owe your grace.

Duke. Thankes good *Alfonſo*: but I came alone,
And not as did beſeeme the *Ceſtian Duke*,
Nor would *I* haue it known within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone ſo wil I go,
And leaue my ſon to ſolemniſe his feaſt,
And ere't be long ile come againe to you,
And do him honor as beſeemes the ſon
Of mighty *Ierobel* the *Ceſtian Duke*,
Til when ile leaue you, Farewel *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, ile bring you to your ſhip.

Exeunt Omnes.

Slie ſleepes.

Lord. Whoſe within there? come hither ſirs my Lords
A ſleepe againe: go take him eaſily vp,
And put him in his own apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iuſt vnderneath the alehouſe ſide below,
But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

Boy. It ſhalbe don my Lord, come helpe to beare him hence. *Exit*

Enter *Ferando*, *Aurelius* and *Polidor* *and his boy*, and *Valeria* and *Sander*.

Feran. Come gentlemen nowe that ſuppers donne,
How ſhal we ſpend the time til we go to bed?
Aurel. Faith if you will in trial of our wiues,
Who wil come ſooneſt at their husbands cal.
Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he muſt needs ſit out,
For he may cal I think ſo til he be weary,
Before his wife wil come before ſhe liſt.
Feran. Tis wel for you that haue ſuch gentle wiues,
Yet in this trial wil I not ſit out,
It may be *Kate* wil come as ſoone as yours.
Aurel. My wife comes ſooneſt for a hundred pound.
Pol. I take it Ile lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as ſoone as I do ſend.
Aurel. How now *Ferando*, you dare not lay belike.
Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeed;
But how, ſo little mony on ſo ſure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue laid as much
Vpon my dog, in running at a Deere,
She ſhal not come ſo far for ſuch a trifle,
But wil you lay fiue hundred markes with me,
And whoſe wife ſooneſt comes when he doth cal,
And ſhewes her ſelfe moſt louing vnto him,
Let him inioy the wager I haue laid,
Now what ſay you? dare you aduenture thus,
Pol. I weare it a thouſand pounds I durſt preſume
On my wiues loue, and I wil lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonſo*.

Alfon. How now ſons, what in conference ſo hard,
May I without offence, know where abouts.

Aurelius

Aurel. Faith father a waighty cauſe about our wiues,
Fiue hundred markes already we haue laid,
And he whoſe wife doth ſhew moſt loue to him,
He muſt inioy the wager to himſelfe.
Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is ſure to loſe,
I promiſe thee ſon thy wife wil hardly come,
And therefore I would not wiſh thee lay ſo much.
Feran. Tuſh father were it ten times more,
I durſt aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I loſe ile pay, and ſo ſhal you.
Aurel. Vpon mine honor if I loſe He pay.
Pol. And ſo wil I vpon my faith I vow.
Feran. Then ſit we down and let vs ſend for them.
Alfon. I promiſe thee *Ferando* I am afraid ỹ wilt loſe.
Aurel. He ſend for my wife firſt, *Valeria*,
Go bid your miſtres come to me.
Val. I wil my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me
I know I ſhould obtaine it by her loue.
Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.
Aurel. Truſt me *Ferando* I am ſure you haue,
For you I dare preſume haue loſt it al.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now ſirha what ſaies your miſtris?
Val. She is ſomething buſie but ſheele come anon.
Feran. Why ſo, did not I tel you this before,
She is buſie and cannot come,
Aurel. I pray God your wife ſend you ſo good an anſwere
She may be buſie, yet ſhe ſaies ſheele come.
Feran. Welvvel: *Polidor* ſend you for your vvife.

Polidor

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* deſire your miſtris to come hither.
Boy. I wil ſir. *Ex. Boy*
Feran. I, ſo ſo, he deſires hir to come.
Alſon. Polidor I dare preſume for thee,
I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come,
And I do maruel much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you ſent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now, wheres your miſtris?
Boy. She bad me tel you that ſhe wil not come,
And you haue any buſineſſe, you muſt come to hir.
Feran. Oh monſtrous intollerable preſumption,
Worſe then a blaſing ſtar, or ſnow at Midſummer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnſeaſonable,
She wil not come: but he muſt come to her.
Pol. Wel ſir, I pray you lets heare what
Anſwere your wife wil make.
Feran. Sirha, command your miſtris to come
To me preſently. *Exit Sander.*
Aurel. I thinke my wife for al ſhe did not come,
Wil proue moſt kind, for now I haue no feare,
For I am ſure *Ferandos* wife, ſhe wil not come.
Faran. The mores the pitty, then I muſt loſe.
Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.
But I haue won, for ſee where *Kate* doth come.
Kate. Sweet husband did you ſend for me?
Feran. I did my loue, I ſent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.
Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.
Feran. Put it off and tread it vnder thy feet,
Tis fooliſh I wil not haue thee weare it.
She takes off her cap and treads on it.

Polidor

Pol. Oh wonderful metamorphosis!
Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.
Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile try her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.
Kate. They be sitting in the bridal chamber.
Feran. Fetch them hither, and if they wil not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.
Kate. I wil.
Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would nere haue done so much for thee.
Feran. But you shal see she wil do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and makes them come vnto their husbands cal.

Kate. See husband, I haue brought them both.
Feran. Tis wel done *Kate.*
Eme. I sure and like a louing peece, your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.
Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.
Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema* thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night.
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.
Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?
Feran. Now louely *Kate* before their husbands here,
I prethe tel vnto these headstrong women,
What dewty wiues do owe vnto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pampered wils,
Now list to me, and marke what I shal say,
Th'eternal power that with his only breath,

Shal cauſe this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time,nor before time,but with time,confusd,
For al the courſe of yeares,of ages,months,
Of ſeaſons temperate,of dayes and houres,
Are tun'd and ſtopt by meaſure of his hand,
The firſt world was,a forme,without a forme,
A heape confusd,a mixture al deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes,a body bodiles,
Where al the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world.
The king of kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in ſix daies did frame his heauenly worke,
And made al things to ſtand in perfect courſe.
Then to his image he did make a man
Olde *Adam*,and from his ſide a ſleepe
A rib was taken,of which the Lord did make
The woe of man ſo termd by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came ſinne to vs,
And for her ſinne was *Adam* doomd to die,
As *Sara* to her husband,ſo ſhould we,
Obey them,loue them,keepe and nouriſh them,
If they by any meanes do want our helpes,
Laying our hands vnder their feet to tread,
If that by that,we might procure their eaſe,
And for a preſident Ile firſt begin,
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feet,
She laies her hand vnder her husbands feet.
Feran. Inough ſweet,the wager thou haſt won,
And they I am ſure cannot deny the ſame.
Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou haſt won,
And for to ſhew thee how I am pleaſd in this,
A hundred pounds I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For ſhe is not the ſame ſhe was before.

Feran.

Feran. Thankes ſweet father, gentlemen godnight,
For *Kate* and *I* wil leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are ſped.
And ſo farewel, for we wil to our beds.

Exit Ferando, Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what ſay you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to ſee,
Ferando and his wife ſo louingly agree.

Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonſo and Valeria.

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what ſaiſt thou man?

Pol. I ſay thou art a ſhrew.

Eme. Thats better then a ſheepe.

Pol. Wel ſince tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparel againe, and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out:
Then enter the *Tapſter.*

Tapſter. Now that the darkeſome night is ouerpaſt,
And dawning day appeares in criſtal skie,
Now muſt *I* haſt abroad: but ſoft whoſe this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here al night,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's ſtarued by this,
But that his belly was ſo ſtuft with ale,
What now *Slie*, awake for ſhame.

Slie. *Sim* gis ſome more wine: what al the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapſter. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou
drunken ſtil?

Slie. Whoſe this? *Tapſter*, oh Lord ſirha, I haue had
The braueſt dreame to night, that euer thou

Hardeſt

Hardeſt in al thy life.

Tapſter. I marry but you had beſt get you home,
For your wife wil courſe you for dreaming here to night,

Slie. Wil ſhe? I know now how to tame a ſhrew,
I dreamt vpon it al this night til now,
And thou haſt wakt me out of the beſt dreame
That euer I had in my life, but ile to my
Wife preſently and tame her too
And if ſhe anger me.

Tapſter. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the reſt that thou haſt dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.